War. Speake lower, princes, for the King recouers.
Hum. This apoplexi wil certaine be his end.
King I pray you take me vp, and beare me hence,
Into some other chamber.
Let there be no noyse made, my gentle friends,
Vnlesse some dull and fauourable hand
Will whisper musique to my weary spirite.
War. Call for the musique in the other roome.
King Set me the crowne vpon my pillow here.
Clar. His eie is hollow, and he changes much.
War. Lesse noyse, lesse noyse. *Enter Harry*
Prince Who saw the duke of Clarence?
Clar. I am here brother, ful of heauinesse.
Prince How now, raine within doores, and none abroad?
How doth the King?
Hum. Exceeding ill.
Prince Heard he the good newes yet? tell it him.
Hum. He vttred much vpon the hearing it,
Prince If he be sicke with ioy, heele recouer without phisicke.
War. Not so much noyse my Lords, sweete prince, speake lowe, the King your father is disposde to sleepe.
Cla. Let vs withdraw into the other roome.
War. Wilt please your Grace to go along with vs?
Prince No, I wil sit and watch heere by the King.
Why doth the Crowne lie there vpon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?
O polisht perturbation! golden care!
That keepst the ports of Slumber open wide
To many a watchfull night, sleepe with it now!
Yet not so sound, and halfe so deeply sweete,
As he whose brow (with homely biggen bound)
Snores out the watch of night. O maiestie!
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armour worne in heate of day,
That scaldst with safty (by his gates of breath)

There

There lies a downy feather which stirs not,
Did he suspire, that light and weightlesse downe
Perforce must moue my gracious lord my father:
This sleepe is sound indeede, this is a sleepe,
That from this golden Rigoll hath diuorst
So many English Kings, thy deaw from me,
Is teares and heauy sorowes of the blood,
Which nature, loue, and filiall tenderneſse
Shall (O deare father) pay thee plenteously:
My due from thee is this imperiall Crowne,
Which as immediate from thy place and blood,
Deriues it selfe to me: loe where it sits,
Which God shal guard, and put the worlds whole strength
Into one giant arme, it shal not force,
This lineal honor from me, this from thee
Will I to mine leaue, as tis left to me. *exit.*

Enter Warwicke, Glouceſter, Clarence.

King Warwicke, Glouceſter, Clarence,
Clar. Doth the King cal?
War. What would your Maiestie?
King Why did you leaue me here alone, my lords?
Cla. We left the prince my brother here my liege, who vndertooke to sit and watch by you.
King The prince of Wales, where is he? let me see him: he is not here.
War. This doore is open, he is gone this way.
Hum. He came not through the chamber where we staide.
King Where is the Crowne? who took it from my pillow?
War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.
King The Prince hath tane it hence. go seeke him out:
Is he so hastie, that he doth suppose my sleepe my death?
Finde him, my lord of Warwicke, chide him hither.
This part of his conioynes with my disease,
And helps to end me: see, sonnes, what things you are,
How quickly nature falls into reuolt,
When gold becomes her obiect?

For

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 2* (STC 2228a) LONDON, 1600 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.12) Octavo